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THE BERMUDIAN.

THE

BERMUDIAN.

K Tucker (N)

THE BERMUDIAN.

A POEM.

Ille terrarum mihi, præter omnes,
Angulus ridet.

HOR.

WILLIAMSBURG:
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M,DCC,LXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

HENRY TUCKER, Junior, Esq;

OF BERMUDA.

DEAR SIR,

THE sincere Affection which has ever subsisted between us has induced me to take the Liberty of prefixing your Name to this little Poem. As it was my first Attempt in this Way, and written at an early Period of Life, it is hoped its Faults may meet with Indulgence. You will see that I am, in some Measure, indebted for its Plan to Doctor Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and that several of the Thoughts are likewise borrowed from that pleasing Writer. Many others, which I imagined, on a late Perusal of his Poem, may appear to be so, were only suggested by a Similarity of Sentiment. If I did not think that a Performance of much less Merit than his might possibly meet with a favourable Reception, I should not have ventured to make this publick. As it

an American Production, I flatter myſelf with ſome Expectation of Partiality from the Weſtern World. I cannot, my dear Brother, after the Example of many other Writers, boaſt a total Indifference with Reſpect to the Opinion of the Publick; and if there is any Crime in wiſhing for the Approbation of Men, who, like you, know how to ſet a proper Value on a good Heart, though its Emotions may not be deſcribed in the moſt claſſical Language, I muſt confeſs myſelf culpable in the higheſt Degree.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate Brother,

N. TUCKER.

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TO THE AUTHOR.

A SONNET.

INGENUOUS Youth, whoſe oaten Pipe eſſays,
Ere Manhood's Honours on thy Lip appear,
A Theme unſung ſince WALLER's tuneful Days,
Nought bluſh this Wreath, wove by the Muſe, to wear.

For ill, with thine, may WALLER's Verſe compare;
Smiling, to thee he'd yield the votive Bays,
And own how little worth his frolick Lays,
The Meed of thy more happy Song to ſhare.

Still range the Iſle where genial Summer reigns,
Paint the bold Charms that fire the glowing Eye;
So ſhall we find adorn thy future Strains
Tranſcripts from Nature, that may more than vie
With all the Day-Dreams Fancy can deſcry,
In raptur'd Viſions, o'er th' Elyſian Plains.

S. HENLEY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE BERMUDIAN.

BERMUDA, Parent of my early Days,
To thee belong my tributary Lays;
In thy bleſs'd Clime, ſecur'd from inſtant Harms,
A tender Mother preſs'd me in her Arms,
Lull'd me to Reſt with many a Ditty rare,
And look'd and ſmil'd upon her Infant Care;
She taught my liſping Accents how to flow,
And bade the Virtues in my Boſom glow.

Hail Nature's Darling Spot! enchanted Iſle!
Where vernal Blooms in ſweet Succeſſion ſmile!
Where, cheriſh'd by the foſtering Sea-born Gale,
Appears the tall Palmetto of the Vale;
The rich Banana, Tenant of the Shade,
With Leaf broad ſpreading to the Breeze diſplay'd;
The memorable Tree of Aſpect bold,
That grac'd thy Plains, O Libanus, of old,
The fragrant Lime, the Lemon at his Side,
And golden Orange, fair Heſperia's Pride;
While genial Summer, who, approaching faſt,
Claims to diſperſe the ſhort-liv'd wintery Blaſt,
O'er the green Hill and Cedar-bearing Plain
Boaſts, undiſturb'd, a long protracted Reign.

Here bluſhing Health deſcending from above,
The Daughter fair of Cloud-compelling Jove,
Pleas'd with the Scene, in ſimple Nature gay,
And importun'd by Temperance to ſtay,
In Pity to the weary Peaſant's Toil,
With Bleſſings crown'd the Wave-ſurrounded Soil.

Too happy Land! if, in the Search around,
The Source of Opulence could here be found,
And thy worn Offspring, every Care reſign'd,
His Dwelling peaceful, and ſerene his Mind,

With Independence bleſs'd could ſit him down,
In Age ſecure from niggard Fortune's Frown;
But early torn reluctant from their Home,
Amidſt the Tempeſt's Roar condemn'd to roam,
Thy ſcatter'd Sons, a Race of Giant Form,
Whoſe Souls at Peril mock and brave the Storm,
At honeſt Labour's Call, with fruitleſs Pains,
Are far diſpers'd o'er Britain's wide Domains.

Eternal Bleſſings with Profuſion ſmile,
And crown with laſting Bliſs my Parent Iſle!
Bleſs'd be the narrow Field, the little Cot,
And bleſs'd the labouring Swain's contented Lot!
For thee may Commerce to the ſouthern Gale
Succeſsfully expand her ſwelling Sail,
And from Peruvian Mines, the Slave, for thee,
With Treaſures load the Wave-dividing Tree;
With Joy returning, each Endeavour ſped,
No more compell'd to roam for ſcanty Bread,
All Heart-corroding Cares at length ſuppreſs'd,
Each Want ſupply'd, and every Wiſh poſſeſs'd,
May thy loſt Children, to their Friends reſtor'd,
Taſte every Bleſſing Fortune can afford:
While I, whoſe Birth more inauſpicious far,
Confeſs'd the Reign of ſome malignant Star,

Whoſe Name, alas! from fair Enjoyment's Date,
Stands far remov'd upon the Roll of Fate,
With weary Step each diſtant Realm explore,
A wandering Exile from my native Shore.

Oft when, in Shades envelop'd, Night deſcends,
And Darkneſs o'er the Hemiſphere extends,
When gloomy Silence huſhes every Sound,
And dead Tranquility prevails around;
When the Diſtreſs'd, forgetful of their Woes,
In balmy Sleep their heavy Eyelids cloſe;
While no Repoſe my weary Soul can find,
Thy lov'd Idea riſes in my Mind.
Swift at the Thought, and for Enjoyment keen,
Regardleſs of the Seas that roll between,
Where o'er ſurrounding Depths thy Cliffs ariſe,
With rapid Wing my buſy Fancy flies;
And repreſenting Scenes of paſt Delights,
A painful Pleaſure in my Breaſt excites.

E'en now tranſported to my native Land,
Upon the Summit of ſome Hill I ſtand;
The Cedars view, uncultur'd as they grow,
And all the varied Scenery below.
Far at a Diſtance, as the Eye can reach,
Extend the Mazes of the winding Beach;

Here on the Coaſt the bellowing Ocean roars,
While foaming Surges laſh the whiten'd Shores;
Stupendous Rocks in wild Confuſion ſtand,
Lift their tall Crags, and ſadden all the Strand.

Before Aurora gilds the eaſtern Skies,
The Sun-burnt Tenants of the Cottage riſe;
With many a Yawn their drowſy Comrades hail,
Rub their dim Eyes, and taſte the Morning Gale.
Some bear the Baſket, plenteouſly ſupply'd,
With Hooks and Lines, the able Fiſhers Pride;
Others with dexterous Hands the Toils diſplay,
Well ſkill'd to circumvent the ſcaly Prey;
With wide extended Nets the Shores they ſweep,
Or man the Bark and plough the finny Deep.
The happy Iſlander return'd at Night,
Recounts the Day's Adventures with Delight,
Aſtoniſhes the liſtening Crowd with Tales
Of Rocks avoided, and of dangerous Gales,
Of Groupers, who, deluded by the Bait,
Shar'd many a former Grouper's wretched Fate,
And Rockfiſh, who had tugg'd the well ſtretch'd Line,
Oblig'd their ponderous Carcaſe to reſign.
The little Urchin, playing on the Strand,
At Diſtance kens the Bark return'd to Land;

He hies impatient, views the ſcaly Store,
And bids his Parent welcome to the Shore.

Meanwhile the Houſewife decks the cleanly Board,
With all her homely Cottage can afford;
Her little Brood are ſeated to their Wiſh,
And taſte the Bleſſings of the ſmoking Diſh;
Of childiſh Stories prattle all the While,
Regarding either Parent with a Smile;
The finny Monſter's grateful Taſte admire,
And for it bleſs their providential Sire.
He with Delight the youthful Tribe ſurveys,
His gladden'd Eyes ſtill brighten as they gaze;
Of earthly Joys he knows no higer Pitch,
And bids the Prince be great, the Miſer rich.

Where riſing Phœbus darts the Morning Ray,
The verdant Hills a different Scene diſplay;
Promiſcuous Houſes in the Vale are ſeen,
Whoſe decent White adorns the lively Green.
The weary Peaſant, here reclin'd at Eaſe,
Beneath his Figtree courts the ſouthern Breeze;
Or, while the Great at fruitleſs Cares repine,
He ſits the Monarch of his little Vine.

There ſcatter'd Iſles, whoſe Banks the Waters lave,
Grace with their Herbage the pellucid Wave.
The lordly Bullock there, unus'd to Toil,
Securely ſtalks the Tyrant of the Soil;
While tender Lambkins on the Margin play,
And ſport and gambol in the ſunny Day.

The ſturdy Craftſman, with laborious Hand,
Fells the tall Tree, and drags it to the Strand;
Reſounding Shores return the Hammer's Blows,
Beneath the Stroke the gaudy Pinnace grows,
Launch'd and completely mann'd in Queſt of Gain,
Spreads her light Sails, and tempts the watery Main.

Near yonder Hill, above the ſtagnant Pool,
My ſtern Preceptor taught his little School;
Dexterous t' apply the ſcientifick Rod,
The little Truant ſhudder'd at his Nod;
Whene'er he came they all ſubmiſſive bow'd,
All ſcann'd their Taſks, induſtriouſly loud,
And, fearful to excite the Maſter's Rage,
With trembling Hand produc'd the blotted Page.
Skilful he was, and dabbled in the Law,
Bonds, Notes, Petitions,——any Thing could draw;
'Twas even whiſper'd, and 'tis ſtrictly true,
He claim'd Acquaintance with the Muſes too,

And by the Goddeſſes inſpir'd, at Times,
His lofty Genius mounted into Rhymes.
Great Bard! what Numbers can thy Praiſe rehearſe,
Who turn'd *Qui mihi* into Engliſh Verſe;
Taught numerous Epigrams in Rhyme to glide,
And e'en at Lines of heavenly MARO try'd?
Though many an Epitaph of thine was known
To grace the cold commemorating Stone,
Thy own Remains, in ſome neglected Spot,
Now lie, unſung, unheeded, and forgot.

No more frequented by the feſtive Bands,
Behold yon ſolitary Manſion ſtands.
There fair ARDELLA tripp'd along the Vale,
Her auburn Treſſes floating in the Gale;
Sweet as the favourite Offspring of the May,
Serenely mild, and innocently gay.
ARDELLA, once ſo cheerful, and ſo bleſs'd,
Now by Misfortune's Iron Hand oppreſs'd,
Methinks I ſee the ſolitary Maid
Penſive beneath the ſpreading Cedar's Shade,
(No ſoothing Friend, no Voice of Comfort near)
Heave the big Sigh, and ſhed the ſilent Tear.
" Awake to Conſolation, nor repine
" Becauſe the Sorrows of To-day are thine,

" In Air let ſublunary Cares be hurled,
" And look exulting to a better World;
" Triumphant Virtue there ſhall bear the Sway,
" And lift thee far above the ſolar Ray."

Far to the South, above the watery Roar,
Where the blue Ocean rolls againſt the Shore,
And the tall Cliffs and ſloping Mountains Side
O'erlook the Deep, and ſtop the coming Tide,
Of ancient Date, now calling for Repair,
Is ſeen the Pariſh Church, the Houſe of Prayer.
No ſtately Columns there ſuperbly riſe,
No towering Steeple greets the diſtant Skies,
No pompous Domes Magnificence impart,
Strike the pleas'd Eye, or ſhow the Maſter's Art.
To mark the ſilent Manſions of the Dead
No Obeliſk of Marble rears its Head,
No finely decorated Tomb is ſhown,
No ſculptur'd Monument of Parian Stone;
But the rude native Quarry, as it lies,
A far more coarſe Remembrancer ſupplies,
Which the dejected Son, reduc'd to mourn
The much lov'd Parent from his Boſom torn,
The laſt ſad Honours to his Aſhes paid,
Sighing erects to the departed Shade,

Touch'd with the Theme, by powerful Fancy led
To more remote Apartments of the Dead,
I ſee ſad ATTICUS, in ſilent Gloom,
Indignant quit the ſolitary Tomb,
His ancient well remember'd Form renew,
And paſs before me ſlowly in Review.
The happy Thought, the Mirth-exciting Joke,
The Turn ſatyrical, the pointed Stroke,
The Vein of Humour, the Remark ſo dry,
The witty Sally, and the keen Reply,
Around the ſocial Table form'd to ſhine,
Without a Rival, ATTICUS, were thine.

Talents like theſe (for they have ſeldom fail'd)
While Buſineſs flagg'd, and Indolence prevail'd,
And ſullen Prudence, frowning, ſtood aloof,
Entic'd the jovial Circle to the Roof,
And for Life's Eve, thy Glory in the Wane,
Prepar'd a Fund of Indigence and Pain.

Thrice happy thou, if to Decretion led
By the much valued Partner of thy Bed,
Thou had'ſt been taught more laſting Bliſs to prize
And learn'd from her Example to be wiſe!
But ſhe, ſuch Ills unable to withſtand,
When deadly pale Diſeaſe, with Tyrant Hand,

Thy cruel Deſtiny relentleſs wrote,
Thy Viſage ſadden'd, and thy Dwelling ſmote,
For thy unhappy Lot with Grief oppreſs'd,
Before thee ſunk to everlaſting Reſt.

Though at a Diſtance from my ſearching Eye,
Amidſt ſurrounding Woods, thy Dwelling lie,
Though envious Time, and weaning Abſence ſtrive
Thy cheriſh'd Image from my Breaſt to drive,
Yet near my Heart (for they ſhall ſtrive in vain)
His wonted Place ſhall CANDIDUS retain.

If manly Senſe, if an extenſive Mind,
Unſway'd by Prejudice, and unconfin'd,
A Judgment happy to decide with Skill,
But mild and open to Conviction ſtill,
A Voice in poliſh'd Numbers taught to roll,
Whoſe Accents waft the Muſick of the Soul,
An honeſt Heart, a Temper that can learn
To love Mankind, and to be lov'd in Turn,
If Sentiments humane, combin'd with theſe,
May challenge Merit, and expect to pleaſe,
Of gentle Manners, affable, and free,
The Praiſe, O CANDIDUS, is due to thee.

Beneath my bending Eye, ſerenely neat,
Appears my ever bleſs'd paternal Seat.
Far in the Front the level Lawn extends,
The Zephyrs play, the nodding Cypreſs bends;
A little Hillock ſtands on either Side,
O'erſpread with Evergreens, the Gardens Pride,
Promiſcuous here appears the bluſhing Roſe,
The Guava flouriſhes, the Myrtle grows,
The Earth-born Woodbines on the Surface creep,
O'er the green Beds the red Carnations peep,
Aloft their Arms triumphant Lilacks bear,
And Jeſſamines perfume the ambient Air.
The Whole is from an Eminence diſplay'd,
Where the brown Olive lends his penſive Shade.
When Zephyrs there the Noontide Heat aſſuage,
Oft have I turn'd the meditative Page,
And calmly read the lingering Hours away,
Securely ſhelter'd from the Blaze of Day.
At Eve refreſh'd, I trod the mazy Walk,
And bade the Minutes paſs in cheerful Talk;
With many a Joke my Brothers would aſſail,
Or pleaſe my Siſters with the comick Tale;
While each fond Parent, charm'd, the Group ſurvey'd,
Attentive heard, and ſmil'd at all they ſaid.

Thrice happy Seat! Here once were centred all
That bind my Heart to this terreſtrial Ball;
The Sight of theſe each gloomy Thought deſtroys,
And ties my Soul to ſublunary Joys.

Ye Powers ſupreme, who rule the ſpangled Sky,
On whoſe Protection firmly they rely,
Grant them each Bliſs the fertile Mind can form,
And liſt them high above Misfortune's Storm!

But hark! I ſee them to the Green repair,
To taſte the Sweets of the refreſhing Air:
Deſcend, my Soul, on airy Pinions light,
The Circle join, and feaſt thy gladden'd Sight.

Hail, ever honour'd Authors of my Birth,
The Poor's Aſſiſtants, and the Friends of Worth!
My beſt of Brothers, hail! Companion dear,
Unſhaken Friend, and Partner of my Care.
My Siſters too! tranſported let me gaze,
And bleſs the Sweeteners of my former Days.
A long loſt Wanderer to your Arms receive,
Soothe all his Sorrows, and his Cares relieve.

How uncomplete is each terreſtrial Joy,
Where Diſappointments all our Hopes deſtroy!

Two other Sons ſhould in the Circle ſtand!
For theſe, alas! I ſearch a diſtant Land;
Lament them loſt, an Honour to their Race,
And with a Sigh behold their vacant Place.

Though CAROLINA, ſkill'd in ſocial Lore,
With open Arms receiv'd me to her Shore;
Although her Sons, an hoſpitable Band,
Have hail'd me welcome to their fertile Land;
Though (Thanks to all my Guardian Powers!) there
I found a Brother and a Friend ſincere,
Still, for 'tis natural, Affection's Tide
Flows where my honour'd Parents both reſide.

For ever blotted be the fatal Day
That tore me from their circling Arms away,
When the tall Ship, regardleſs of my Pain,
Call'd me reluctant to the ſounding Main;
Aloft her ſwelling Sails triumphant bore,
And left them penſive on the winding Shore!

My aged Parents awful Voice I hear,
(The ſolemn Sound ſtill vibrates in my Ear):
"Adieu, my Son! with Winds propitious go,
"Obtain what Knowledge Travel can beſtow.

" Thy Neighbours Friend, an Enemy to Strife,
" Uprightly walk the mazy Path of Life.
" Let Honour's Rules thy every Act controul,
" Nor ſuffer Vice to bend thy ſtubborn Soul.
" Should ſovereign Gold, the Tyrant of Mankind,
" Attempt from Juſtice to divert thy Mind,
" Exulting ſtill, prefer the frugal Cruſt,
" And ſpurn, with high Contempt, the guilty Duſt.
" Let all the Storms of Fortune be defy'd,
" VIRTUE thy Friend, and PROVIDENCE thy Guide."

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 7, Line 16, for *Truant*, read *Truants*.
Page 10, Line 16, for *the*, read *thy*.
Ib. Line 19, for *Decretion*, read *Diſcretion*.
In the laſt Line of Mr. *Henley*'s Sonnet to the Author, for *Viſions*, read *Viſion*.

9 JU 64